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## Untitled

Douglas Dill  
*College of DuPage*

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Douglas Dill

## Silence

*Our silence has changed these days.  
 It's no longer the soft, velvet quiet  
 of lovers content with sight and touch,  
 Nor the ominous rumblings of dormant volcanic anger  
 reverberating with white-hot words stored unsaid.  
 We speak our silence eloquently  
 in low frequency repetitions of monotony.  
 Ours is the dull, grey silence of indifference  
 grown accustomed to its weary, stolid ways.  
 Our silence is an untravelled span between two islands  
 united by stagnant waters on a lukewarm sea.  
 It stretches before us as a desert  
 with endless, shifting sands.  
 In the stillness of our tomb,  
 Love died slowly,  
 Choked and stifled —  
 Premature burial of ancient pain.*

Mary Randle

## Sonnet #8

*Thy youth is mine, for have I not thy soul  
 To mold, to shape, to cause thy destiny?  
 I wet the clay and raised it from the bowl  
 To knead and fold and form the perfect thee.  
 Thy wit and charm are all that I have Naught,  
 Thy youthful laugh that I have long since lost.  
 Thine eyes are clear and see the sparkling drop  
 Of dew on rose, while mine see but the rust.  
 But seeing through they warm and tender eyes  
 I yet perceive the joys that once were mine,  
 And can, with trial, make woes of men all lies,  
 Enjoying all the happiness that's thine.  
 Yet for a while thy youth belongs to me,  
 Before, by years, I'm forced to set thee free.*

Arthur W. Johnson

